A Dream of Home.

The sun's rays slant the path along, The air is balmy as in June: The robin sings his evening song. And through the sky the new, gray mo Moves calmly on, untrammeled, free, But something whispers unto me-"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows, The frog croaks by the water's rim; There in content the lily grows, And there the fishes darting, swim; I hear and see the old brown mill, But, ah! these sad words haunt me still-"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair, In drowsy mood the cows await The farm-boy's call upon the air, While, with his pail, beside the gate Which opens down the grassy lane, My brother breathes these words of pain-"Not yet !"

The steepled church, the schoolhouse near, The wood where I have roamed at will, The quaint, old farmhouse, to me dear,

My youthful home-my manhood's still-I see these as in days gone by. But something whispers (as I sigh) "Not yet !"

Oh, hearts, in whom there is no May! Who yearn to hear my footfalls where The path, so beaten, takes its way Under old trees so grand and fair ! Dear hearts who long for me to come, I can but say I can go home "Not yet !"

For longer, still, your breasts must know A sadness free from all disguise, Ere I can leave these scenes and go And look into fair, loving eyes, And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss-"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong As when one dreamful autumn day I said "good-bye," and passed along Down the old walk, and went away, Not thinking there would come a day When I should have, as now, to say-" Not yet !"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this! Still must I wait! All I cau do Is just to waft a long, long kiss, Bedewed with love, Oh, hearts, to you, And murmur these sad words once more, Unthought of in the days of yore-"Not yet!"

-George Newell Lovejoy.

HIS SACRIFICE.

By the window of the drawing-room of the corner house in a dingy London square stood Honor Wyllie and Archer Douglas—a tall, dark-complexioned girl; and a slight, fair young man, somewhat above the middle height.

Honor's slender fingers were mechanically untwisting the cords of the tassel that hung from the heavy curtains; her large gray eyes were di-rected at the little inclosure of smoky-looking trees, upon which the smut-laden rain was falling, but they saw neither trees nor rain.

"I never for an instant thought of is," she said, without moving. "Belief upon him.

Viewer, or I should have been Vieweit rather like a prodigal as the this," she said, without moving. "Beheve me, never, or I should have been

Her companion made no reply; yet his figure expressed attention.

"All this time I have been under thought every one knew!"

Still no answer. The young man's bent head dropped lower on his breast.
"Do speak to me," she said, pleadingly, after a pause. "Be angry with longer.

Why should he be condemned to live away. Let us forget all this, and be alone possibly twenty or thirty years longer.

"Do you mean this?" me—anything rather than this silence ! I am so sorry—so ashamed—"
"Angry!" and Douglas checked a

groan that had all but made itself

He approached a step nearer to her, started as a drop of water suddenly

fell upon the back of her hand. "Crying, Honor! There, I will go. I don't want to think I have clouded your happiness."

"And I am forgiven?" she contrived to ask in a choked voice.

"Forgiven! For what? For being too kind and sweet? Yes, I forgive you that, Miss Wyllie! Good-bye." He moved slowly and unwillingly to the door.

advanced to the middle of the room. You say you are not angry, and yet-you are going like that."

Douglas stood irresolute. Dare he trust himself to take the soft hand apself-control were already drawn upon to almost their full extent.

The next instant he held her hand in her toward him the while to obtain a better view of her half-averted face.

think? That if I had been the firstif you were free now-"
"Oh, hush!" she cried, shrinking

from him; and wrenching away her hand, she retreated to the window,

pale as ashes. Their eyes met. Then not venturing to utter another word he hastily

quitted the room. Honor, trembling like a leaf, her heart beating wildly, pressed her face fingers. to the pane to see him pass up the square; and when he was out of sight sank on the floor with her head buried in her arms on the settee.

She had not long been in this position before a slim, middle-aged lady seeing her. Then, on a second inspection, becoming aware of the presence possible? Archer!" of Honor, she sat down beside her and laid her hand on the tumbled hair.

"Dear me!" she cried, wrinkling ward, his pale face almost leaden in her smooth brow. "Tut, tut, tut! hue. Come, come! Why, pet!"

These sympathetic ejaculations made

and lay her tear-wet face on the care ising hand.

Miss Mellis-one of the three maiden aunts of Honor Wyllie-said nothing further at the moment. She contented herself with parting, smoothing and toying with her niece's

hair, and waited. "There," said Honor at last, sitting up and drying her eyes, "auntie, you won't be angry-no, I mean vexed at

what I am going to say?"
"Surely not, love. What is it, eh?" asked Miss Mellis, in a soft and sooth-

ing tone
"I should like to go home at once to-night or to-morrow. Oh! you will should have come sooner if I had let me, Aunt Alice? You will not guessed I should be so welcome." make objections?"

"But why, Honor? What have we done?"

"Nothing, aunt. But I want to get away from London. I must go!' She was so earnest that Miss Mellis looked startled and troubled.

"What will Aunt Anne and Aunt Mary say?" she asked. "They have been making plans for taking you out next week—a concert, I think—but don't let them know I told you, for it was to be a surprise. And your visit only half over !

"I will talk to them, aunt, and they will not be offended. I will finish

the visit sometime." "It is through him, is it not?" and Miss Mellis gave a little nod at the window, as though Archer Douglas were just outside.

Honor's look answered her.

In the meantime Douglas started back to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn in so confused a frame of mind that after being twice nearly run over he had to take a cab, unconscious even that the driver thereof winked knowingly at another driver as he officially

helped him in. Douglas might, in fact, have been in the condition the cabman supposed, so unconscious was he of what went on around him. Even when he was once more in his own room, gloomy as a dark, wet day in London could make, his thoughts were searcely

under his own control. For the next week he fought hard to drive from his mind this gnawing regret; but he fought vainly, for the conviction that she could have loved, or ever did actually love him, was too strong; and his trouble, instead of growing less, seemed almost to in-

He determined at last to go away for a time and see what change would effect. And with this decision came another. He would make an attempt to be reconciled to his father with whom he had quarreled some six

pating in them all, this division from made a wise choice. I have no doubt the only near relation he possessed you will be happy." seemed but a triffing thing. Now that He raised his hat; then pulling it he was again thrown upon himself, his loneliness seemed to magnify ten

train whirled him through Kent and into Sussex; for it was at Hastings that his father now dwelt. He knew that he had been in the wrong. On in the same direction. "I shall not let the impression that you knew I was the mere suggestion of a possible stepengaged. It has been no secret. I mother he had spoken with passionate resentment of such an idea. But why not? His father was but forty-five.

> Still pondering over these questions he reached the end of his journey.

He stood still among the crowd of people even at this time of year seeking health or amusement here. Invalids in bath-chairs were wheeled past usual, but that was all. to look earnestly at her profile, then him; children with spades tumbled over his feet; sailors asked him if he wanted a boat; but he scarcely saw or heard. He looked sadly far out over Thank you for—everything. I hope he is worthy your love, Honor. Heaven bless you! May you be very happy! Don't shed any tears for me—ing with white streaks that, near at ing with white streaks that, near at hand, became the snowy crests of rest-

Looking out thus he felt the desire to be alone growing into a definite longing. He shrank still from the meeting with his father, who might, over it many secret tears and held for all he knew, receive him coldly and long counsel with her mother upon keep him at a distance. And so thinking, he wandered through the quaint She waited till he reached it, then old town and out upon the rock-strewn beach.

A short walk brought him to a part of the shore quite unfrequented. Here, upon a boulder quaintly striped, where larger boulders broke the cutting wind, pealingly extended? His powers of he sat and watched the breaking waves and thought.

How long he had been there he could not have told, when his reverie a grasp that made her flinch, drawing was brought to an end by the appearance of two figures between him and fancied assailant staggering into the the sea. Though not ten yards from road. "Honor," he said, almost fiercely, where he sat they did not see him, "do you know what you made me but stood still in the wintry sunlight in earnest and apparently agitated

"Thank you for your frankness, love," the man was saying, though the breeze caught the words and carried them out of reach of Archer's ears. "But you need not tremble so. Am I so terrible?"

The girl, whose hand was in his. tightened her clasp on his strong "And you will trust me again?"

she said. "Trust you? Yes; but we will wait a little. I believe in your earnest most fiercely. "That is, your blind-desire to forget all this; but—some ness. Go back to her, father. You things are beyond our power. Let us meant to do what was best, instead of entered, to look round at first without see what a little time will do. Why which you have half broken her Tuesday?"

> "Is it possible, father," was the answer, as the young man came for- tated.

He wanted to say some words of apology-of regret-but none would you will; but you leave her alone, for the girl move her position, throw one come. It was difficult to keep his I go too.

figure, with color flushing and fading, I am ungrateful. But it is no goodwhich drew back, as though longing to get out of sight.

Then this was the man who stood between him and his love in both figurative and literal sense—this man who had seized both his hands in firm grip-who was looking at him with

eyes suddenly become misty.
"Well, I am glad to see you, boy! thought you would come some day.

"Are you, father?" Archer might have himself felt a little moved, if it had not been for that girlish figure dashed off. walking slowly away. "Perhaps I But either

"You are looking fearfully ill with him though, Archer!" and Mr. Douglas sur-veyed him anxiously. "What have Archer

you been doing to yourself?"
"Nothing. Working too hard, possibly; and I have had one or two

things to worry me lately." "You must tell me everything honestly, lad; and I dare say I shall be able to help you, whatever those things are. And now—Don't go, Honor—now I must introduce you. Archer, this is Miss Wyllie, my future wife."

Honor had turned back at once, She extended her hand.

It was taken in silence. "We have met before," she said, turning her face, suffused with color, toward Mr. Douglas.

That look was a revelation to the elder man. His smile vanished, giving place to a strange, half-stunned expression.

"Why did you not tell me it was Archer?" he asked, in a low voice, of Honor.

"I did not know he was your son." she faltered.

"I congratulate you, father," Archer said, with forced lightness of manner. "And for the present I will leave you to finish your tete-a-tete."

He was turning away, but his father caught him by the arm.

"No," he said, almost harshly, "it cannot end so! You and Miss Wyllie have often met before?" Archer inclined his head and looked at Honor, whose face was averted.

"You asked her to be your wife?" "I did. Is this necessary? "I think so. I don't want to give either of you needless pain. Tell me, Archer-was her refusal the trouble

you alluded to just now? Have you other troubles?" Archer hesitated, ground his boot in among the pebbles and looked out to

sea, and finally said, slowly: "I shall answer neither of those questions. I am deeply sorry that I months since.

While he was full of hopes and plans for the future, Honor Wyllie particity our both! Miss Wyllie, you have

low over his brow strode away, without heeding his father's detaining voice.

Honor's eyes followed him until he was out of sight.

"There is no train just now," said Mr. Douglas, drawing her hand through his arm, and walking slowly beside her Graco-Roman—had considerable to do him go. Honor, my dear girl, I need

not ask you if you love him."
"I love you!" she answered, clinging to him. "You shall not turn me

"Do you mean this?"

"I do, Robert; you believe me, don't as-catch-can style.
In the French cor

He stopped to look at her, to find her eyes meet him with a resolute and steady gaze. Her face was paler than

"My dear, I do believe you," he said, with a quiet smile. "And now, I will see you home before—"

He broke off and changed the subject with some haste.

As soon as he had seen her to her door he hurried to his own home and wrote two letters. Giving up his inparing for his own.

The next morning Honor received one of the two letters. She dropped what it contained.

Toward night, two days later, tall, well-made man came out of hotel in Dover and took his way toward the pier, with the intention of going on board the night steamer for Calais

He had not cone far when there was the sound of some one running behind, and directly after he was caught roughly by the arm. He swung round and struck a blow that sent his

At the same instant the moonlight shone on the latter's face and he gave an astonished exclamation:

"Archer!" "The same," said the young man,

approaching him once more. "You needn't have been in quite such a hurry.' "My dear boy! Have I hurt you?"

"Not much-only made me a bit giddy. It's no matter, so long as I have caught you." "What does this mean?" Mr. Doug-

las asked; then, "What brings you, Archer?' "You bring me," said his son, al-

-who is this? What on earth-is it heart. I have seen her, and it is as I thought.

The elder man was a good deal agi-

"You are deceiving me!" he said,

huskily. "Before Heaven I am not! Go, if You would have sacrificed ram round the waist of the consoler, eyes from that other mute, startled yourself, I know, father; don't think Traveller.

you are acting under a mistake. You give it up."

"But you, Archer?"
"I! Oh, I'm right enough!" and he laughed abruptly. "Pshaw, father ! what do you take me for, that you try to saddle me with a wife who doesn't care a straw for me? Come, you give

it up?"
"My trip to France? Yes. My traps are on board, though. I must try if I can rescue them."
"I'll see to that," said Archer, and

But either he was too late, or they could not easily be found, for the steamer paddled out of the harbor with him on the deck, and the "traps' Archer did not go below during the

and disappear among the clouds, or gazed at its silvery path over the water. Many of the passengers looked with curiosity or interest at the young man who, with pale face almost ghostly in the bluish light, leaned motionless

passage, but watched the moon appear

against the side, and looked out on the waters the whole night through. Mr. Douglas followed at a more leisurely pace; when his son ran off and left him his mind was busy with this new problem. Could it be possible that he had indeed been mistaken-that Honor loved him, with his five-andforty years to look back upon, better than Archer? Had her assertion that it was but a passing fancy, a weakness that she had conquered, been the simple truth? If so-

It was not long before he found that his son had disappeared, and one or two inquiries left no doubt as to where he was gone.

On the following day he was again at Hastings and held Honor in his

"Are you convinced now?" she whispered. "Am I really quite for-His sole answer was to press her

closer to his breast. But though they have been married four years and a curly-haired little Annie builds houses for baby with bricks of wood, Archer Douglas has never been to see his stepmother. Never since that night has he set foot in England, though long letters at rare intervals tell us of his doings in Australia, and are full of glowing descriptions of the climate and of the pleasures of the wild, free life out in the bush.

Græco-Roman Wrestling.

Next to England and America, France takes rank as a nation of sleep than it does others, you see, wrestlers, and it has also a distinctive | ma'am." style, but one that is of comparatively recent date. Its originator was one Rossignon Rollin, and his greatest exponent Monsieur Fauvet, of whom it teria medica, but we have yet to find is said no one could break the bridge formed by this athlete arching his back by the aid of his neck and heels. This style of contention was brought to America in 1876, and at once took hold of the Americans, who are ever on the alert for novelties. Its namewith its popularity; but search through Greek and Roman history fails to substantiate the assertion that it was the style of competition in use among the gladiators of the Coliseum or athletic arena. Research, however, shows that it was introduced by an adventurer, and that it was a mild species of catch-

are stripped to the waist, and fight for locks and grips above the waist, and no hold below the belt is allowed, and no tripping or foot playing can be indulged in. Some years ago a party of these French wrestlers crossed the channel and threw down the gauntlet to all England for a bout at their national pastime. They were met by England's champions, and in the majority of encounters were worsted, as the Britons knew just as much of the tention of preventing his son's de-parture, he occupied himself in pre-men, added to which they were invariably in much better condition than the Frenchmen.

Rather Forgetful.

Failure of memory is apt to be attended with very embarrassing results sometimes in social life. The sister of an eminent clergyman, accompanying her brother to a dinner party, entirely forgot that she was not at her own table, and apologized for the abominably bad dinner. She was "quite ashamed" to see such dishes antagonist is our helper. sent to the table. The lady of the house did not enjoy the blunder as much as the other guests. Lately in New York a distinguished English gentleman called on a big merchant who had entertained him two years ago. "How d'ye do, Mr.—?" he said, expect-ing a cordial clasp. "Who are you?" rejoined the merchant, whose manners are at times brusque; "I don't know you." "Sir G. C.," replied the other; "I had the pleasure of dining with you two years ago." "A mistake, sir; I never saw you before;" and poor Sir G. C. retired dumbfounded.

A Good Reason.

"Look here," said the governor to a high State official, "when are you going to pay me that \$10?" "Upon my honor, governor, I don't

know "Why, sir, the other day when I mentioned the fact of your indebtedness you asked me where I would be

"Yes, sir." "Well, wasn't that a promise that you would pay me Tuesday?"

"No. sir. "Why, then, did you want to know where I would be Tuesday?" "Because I wanted to know where The Song of the Advertiser.

I am an advertisergrent! In letters bold and big and round The praises of ny wares I sound: Prosperity is my estate.

The people come,

The people go In one cominuous, Surging flow-They buy my goods and come again, And I'm the happest of men; And this the reason I relate-

I am an advertisergreat! There is a shop across the way Where ne'er is heard a human tread, Where trade is paralyzed and dead, With ne'er a customer a day.

The people come, The people go, But never there: They de not know There's such a shep beneath the skies, Because he does not advertise: While I with pleasure contemplate That I'm an advertiser great,

The secret of my fortune lies In one small fact, which I may state, Too many trademen learn too late-If I have goods I tdvertise! Then people come,

And people go In constant streams, For people know That he who has good wares to sell Will surely advertise them well; And proudly I reiterate. I am an advertiser great!

-Denver Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cut and dried-Hay. The best fire-escape—Repentance. Of historic interest-The national

Looking glasses cast reflections and so do jealous people.

The futile demands for ten-cent pieces show that the United States mint does not keep up with the dimes. -Lowell Courier.

In some places a young man is not thought much of unless he owns a building lot. Out of sight, out of mind.—Picayune.

A full-grown ostrich is worth \$200. We expect after announcing this fact to hear of some leader of female fashions tying the legs of an ostrich under her chin and utilizing the entire bird as a bonnet.—Philadelphia Chron-The mistress had gently reprimanded

her maid for oversleeping herself in the morning. "You see, ma'am," said the servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so it takes me much longer to get my full It is said that everything is made for something, and even cockroaches

have been found efficacious in the ma-

a scientist who can explain what pillow-shams are made for .- Philadelphia News. Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the novelist, narrowly escaped having a middle name. His parents intended to call him Bjornstjerne Bjojorjsjnjtjorjonjrn-stjse Bjornson, but the "j" box gave out before the third syllable of the middle name was reached, -Norristown

Herald. Ripon Lakena is the name of a great Japanese lord who is traveling through Europe like Gautier's "Fortunio." When he was in Vienna he chartered a hotel and sent invitations to two hundred women to attend a masked ball, at which he was the only person of the masculine sex present. He made them dance and eat and drink, and when they sat down to supper each found a superb bracelet hid den in her napkin. The Parisians expect that he will amuse them with similar fantasticalities.

WISE WORDS.

Time with respect to principle is an

eternal now.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

Take your life just as it is given to you and make it as beautiful as you can. Thy friend has a friend and thy friend's friend has a friend; be dis

creet. We should take truth for our guide, for it is the foundation of all that is real, noble and grand.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our

Wound no man's feelings unneces sarily. There are thorns in abundance in the path of human life, I have seldom known any one who

deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance. If you have an opportunity to do generous action, do it. It is a very pleasant reflection to go to sleep with

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little nature as to seek happiness by changing everything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs that he proposes to remove.

You may trust the frank bluff-mannered man, but hesitate ere you confide in the ever polite fellow, who insists upon shaking your hand every time you meet, whose face is ever smiling, whose voice is soft, and whose talk is in half whispers; such art is foreign to sincerity; excessive ornamentation puts a doubt on genuineness. It is not what we earn, but what we

save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read but what we remember, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do that makes us you'd be so I could make arrangements useful. It is not a few faint wishes, to be somewhere else."-Arkansaw tut a lifelong struggle, that makes us valiant.

SELECT SHITINGS.

Potatoes the size of walnuts are found indigenous to Arizona. Dogs under favorable circumstances

live to be over thirty years old. The ancient Greeks built their cities

a few miles from the sea shore for fear Toys for children belong to all times and hardly change in fashion. The

stick, with a horse's head at the top, was used by boys centuries ago. The first appearance of cotton as an article of commerce was a shipment of seven bales from Charleston in 1757,

In 1880-81 the crop was 6,600,000 bales. In New Zealand earthworms notonly leave their burrows but climb uptrees in search of food in the night or

at a late hour if the morning is damp

and warm. It has often been noticed by hospital surgeons, says the Lancet, that severe, curious or out-of-the-way accidents seem to occur in groups, but of this no adequate explanation has ever been given.

Two hundred and forty-four earthquakes, it is stated, are known to have occurred since 1881, of which eightysix were in winter, sixty-one in autumn, fifty-six in spring and forty-one

Colonel Keyser made an interesting experiment in signaling by sunshine during the recent Egyptian campaign. Ascending one of the pyramids near Cairo, by means of a heliographic mirror he reflected a ray of sunshine to Alexandria, 120 miles away, sending a message from General Wolseley to the khedive.

According to Mr. Proctor, if from a single pair, for 5,000 years, each husband and wife had married at twentyone years of age and there had been no deaths, the population of the earth would be 2,199,915 followed by 141 ciphers. It would require to hold this population a number of worlds equal to 3,166,526 followed by 125 ciphers.

Among the curious phenomena revealed by the sinking of wells in Algeria is the existence of fishes, crabs and fresh water mollusks at considerable depths in the subterranean waters. The fishes were covered with sandmud, but the shells of the crabs were quite bright and glittering—evidence that they had inhabited pure water.

Writing of the Isle of Man in 1793, Waldron, speaking of a crypt or subterranean channel near Peel Castle, says: Within are thirteen pillars, on which the whole chapel is supported. They have a superstition that any stranger who, out of curiosity, goes to see this cavern and omits to count the pillars shall do something to occasion his being confined there.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

It was asserted by a Brazilian delegate to the Geneva sanitary congress that coffee is a natural antidote to alcohol, and that the consumption of alcoholic stimulants is comparatively small where coffee is a popular drink,

as in his own country.

Russia is about to protect the Crimean coast and the whole Black Sea line with torpedoes. Yet it is a curious fact that very much is feared from the torpedo, although it has never been proved in actual warfare to be of any great service against an enemy. Next year an exhibition of all the

held in Paris. This should afford an opportunity for some of the fruits of American genius to obtain a fair pre-Professor Moos, of Heidelberg, has found good reasons for believing that many railway accidents have been due to defective hearing on the part of engineers or others in charge of trains.

Expert medical testimony shows that

newly invented appliances to diminish

the number and lessen the consequences

of railroad accidents is proposed to be

railway employes are especially liable to affections of the ear. Leonardo da Vinci thus forshadowed the telephone: "When one is upon a lake if he puts the opening of a trumpet into the water and holds the point of the tube to his ear he can perceive whether ships are moving at a remote distance. The same thing occurs if he thrusts the tube into the ground, for then, also, he will hear what is going on far away."

Death from cold may be simulated for a longer time than is usually supposed in the case of the higher animals. Rabbits were shaved by MM. Richet and Rondeau, and inclosed in flexible tubes through which there was a flow of salt water, cooled to seven degrees, until breathing and the action of the heart ceased. After suffering these mammals to remain in that condition for half an hour vital functions were restored.

Customs in Gloves. Some curious customs are connected

with gloves. For instance, the cere-

mony of removing them when entering the stable of a prince or great man, or else forfeiting them or their value to the servant in charge. This is an odd survival of vassalage, for the removal of the glove was anciently a mark of submission. When lands or titles were bestowed, gloves were given at the same time; and when for any reason the lands were forfeited, the offender was deprived of the right to wear gloves. The same idea was prevalent in the bestowal of a lady's glove, to be worn in the helmet of her knight, and forfeited by him if her favor ceased. In hunting, the gloves are supposed to be removed to-day at the death of a stag. It was a very ancient form of acknowledgment to present a pair of gloves to a benefactor; and white gloves are still presented to the judges at maiden assizes.